THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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DANGER OF COQUETRY.

MISS Bentham, an only daughter, had the additional misfortune to lose her parents, when they had lived long enough to confirm her in the vain opinion she entertained of her own accomplishments; a misfortune, as just hinted, too often entailed on girls who have neither brother nor sister to share or divide their parents' affection. Possessing a decent independency, and no one to controul her, she entered the world with a large stock of vivacity, and a considerable degree of smartness in her conversation, sufficient to render her an agreeable companion; which, by a mistake too common, she preferred, as more suited to make her conspicuous in gay circles, than the solid, valuable qualities which adorn domestic life, and constitute the happiness of *one* worthy man. Scenes of courtship, however pleasant to the parties concerned, are a very threadbare subject, and very dull, unless combined with circumstances altogether out of the common road, of which, as there were none in the present instance, we must be content to relate, that Eliza Bentham was addressed in the way of marriage, by an amiable young gentleman of the name of Jameson, whom she had art enough to impose upon, and to make him believe, that his passion was returned with equal ardour, though her views were entirely mercenary; and she consented to marry him, because the advantage, as it is called, lay on her side, his fortune being superior to hers, and because nothing better appeared to present itself.

Jameson departed to the family mansion, in the country, to superintend the improvements making for the reception of his intended bride; full of those pleasurable ideas, the honourable lover connects with every action, word, and thought, and which true lovers only know: with the sweet satisfaction, that all he did, in the way of ornament, or conveniency, was for her comfort or pleasure; and by correspondence, he endeavoured to cheat the loitering time.

Eliza, in the mean time, was acting in a way that shewed she was altogether unworthy of the place she possessed in her lover's

heart; and, as if she considered that the time was short, she discovered more than her usual eagerness for conquests; forgetting how little her situation, in reality, differed from that of a wife.

During the interval between Jameson's departure to his seat in the country, and his return, she happened one night, at the play, to attract the attention of a gay, titled rake, distinguished for his profligacy, and abandoned conduct towards women: this was not altogether unknown to Eliza, but, by a species of false reasoning, common to all females of her cast, she concluded herself of an higher order than that any man should dare to think of her in a dishonourable way, and moreover possessed of charms sufficient to fix the most wandering heart. The encouragement his lordship met with, was, therefore, as great as one evening, and so public a situation, would well afford; and, by one of those lucky conjunctures which are never wanting to forward the designs of men of gallantry, namely, the incapacity of the coachman through inebriation, he had an opportunity of offering his carriage to convey her, and the female friend by whom she was accompanied, home; and of seeing them thither himself, and of calling to inquire after them the next morning; all which, was equally subservient to the designs Miss Bentham and his lordship had on each other; though those designs were vastly different.

The lady by whom Eliza was accompanied to the play, as just mentioned, was a woman of worth, strict propriety of manners, and fully acquainted with all matters relating to her intended union with Jameson; or, more properly, the union she once intended. A very grave conversation, or rather remonstrance, closed the evening between them, in which Mrs. Granger (for that was the lady's name) began as follows. "I hope, my dear Miss Bentham, you will forgive the liberty I find myself under the necessity of using with you; but, acquainted, as I have been made, with every thing which has taken place between you and Mr Jameson, and convinced, as I am, both of the tenderness and faithfulness of the affection he bears you, how could I ever hold up my head before him again, or discharge the obligations of friendship towards you, if I was to neglect pointing out to you, how very inconsistent I think your encouragement of his Lordship is, with the situation in which you stand as the *affianced* wife of Mr. Jameson?" At the word *wife*, Eliza started. "This is strong language, my dear; but the occasion justifies it. I am almost equally alarmed with the thoughts of your admitting the addresses of my Lord, or fulfilling your engagements already made. In the former case, certain misery awaits *you* with such a profligate, even if his designs were honourable: in the other, I am seriously impressed with apprehensions of

disappointment to the worthy Jameson, in the golden dreams of connubial happiness, I know his fond fancy indulges. I am not, I hope, ungrateful for the civilities we have received from his Lordship this evening, especially for the share I have had of them, and the more so, could I believe them quite disinterested; but, having considerable doubts on that head, I should be very sorry to see him here again, on any pretext whatever." Eliza made no other reply to this harrangue, than muttering something that was hardly understood by Mrs. Granger: such as, "she did not think a little harmless gallantry, on the part of his Lordship, could have been taken in so strong a light; that if she herself had the same opinion of Jameson that Mrs. Granger seemed to have, she should esteem it a happy thing to have discovered it before the irrevocable die was cast; for what had she not to fear from the tyranny of a husband, who, while only a lover, could be offended with any thing which had taken place that night, or in his Lordship's paying the usual compliment, by calling upon them in the morning?" With more to the same purpose, which, as her friend did not clearly comprehend, she thought it needless to reply to. The manner of it, however, did not diminish her apprehensions for the happiness of poor Jameson.

He hastened back with the utmost impatience, having put every thing in the best possible state to receive his future bride. With a fluttering heart, he called upon his lawyer, fearing to find something unfinished, which might delay his happiness: but all had succeeded to his wish, and the writings were completely ready. He was proceeding, with a heart overflowing with love, and elate with joy, to pour his vows of constancy and unalterable affection into the bosom of his mistress, when he accidentally met a friend in the street, whose importunity to engage him to call at his lodgings was such, that it was impossible to resist, without assigning the true cause; on which he knew his friend would rally him in a way that the ardour and even delicacy, of his love, could but badly support.

After the first civilities were past, and each had taken a seat, his friend accosted him with, "Have you seen Miss Bentham since your arrival in town?" "No, was the reply; "I was hastening to her when I encountered you." "I know not what to wish in such a case," replied his friend: "I could almost have wished you had seen her first: perhaps something in her behaviour might have turned up to disgust you, and have prepared the way for your reception of the unwelcome, the bitter information that must, like a frost, a killing frost, nip the delicious blossom of your love in its full blowing." The suspended faculties of poor Jameson, not leaving

him the power of reply, his friend who truly sympathised with his sufferings, had opportunity to proceed as follows: "Let me beseech you, my worthy, much-injured friend, to call your manly fortitude to your aid; and indignation shall prove a shield to your heart, softened by love, and soft imaginary delights. Eliza is unworthy of you, and though I well know how discordant the ungrateful sound is to your ear, how dissonant the voice of your friend, constrained to utter that sentence, yet I must repeat, Miss Bentham is unworthy of you; and I hope soon to see you calm enough to attend to the evidence I have to lay before you." During this speech, a variety of emotions succeeded each other in quick succession, in the breast of Jameson. Surprise, fear, grief, anger, then love, re-assurance that she was calumniated; and all this conflict, this hurricane of passions, terminated, as with a true lover they always will, with expressions of indignation and defiance towards the friend whose tongue had dared to blaspheme the idol he had long been accustomed to worship.

In the present instance, however, Jameson had happily to do with one who was too good a judge of human nature, and was penetrated with too much pity for him, to take offence at the ravings of disappointed love.

Becoming sufficiently calm, his friend proceeded to lay before him the evidence he had obtained of a diabolical plot laid by his Lordship to impose upon her by a false marriage; a trick which, however stale, her inexperience, and eagerness to be made a lady, as she thought, was in a fair train to be fully carried into effect by his lordship and his agents, skilful in conducting affairs of this nature. The time, the place, the manner, were all arranged; and she had consented to meet his Lordship at the house of a female *relation* of his, to celebrate their nuptials privately; a measure as necessary for her, considering the predicament in which she stood with respect to Jameson as she was made to believe it was with regard to his Lordship. Jameson's friend had obtained a knowledge of all these circumstances from one of the circle of profligates who gave and received mutual assistance to and from his Lordship, and one another; and being altogether ignorant of Eliza's engagements with Jameson, had communicated any information the friend required, without scruple.

The heart of the feeling reader will not need our assistance to depict the state of Jameson's, at this period: painful is the conflict to be called to resign a long-contemplated rational scheme of future happiness; a scheme in which happiness was wrapt up, and from which it could not be separated—to cease to think well of an object with which the heart has long

been accustomed to combine every excellence, and contemplate the dear treasure as its own—to bear the idea of scorn and contempt towards our own person, implied in the preference given to another; "the pangs of despised love;" all these are not accomplished in a moment. Amidst the present tumult of his thoughts, Jameson did not forget, however unworthily she had treated him, to make an effort to save her before it was too late; and, after a consultation with his friend, they determined to proceed together to Miss Bentham's lodgings. But the account of the interview, between the two lovers, and their two friends, must be reserved till our next number.

(To be Concluded next week.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE VISION OF SELIM.

(Concluded.)

WE now passed through the door of *Pleasure*, and found ourselves on a broad open avenue, at the end of which we could plainly distinguish a large and majestic pile of buildings, which my conductor informed me was the residence, of *Matrimonial Discord*, though it was falsely called by the figure at the door of the Temple, *The abode of Delight*. This road was bordered on each side by arbours, and booths, erected for the convenience of passengers of every description.

The rich passed most of their time in feasting, dancing, and debauchery; and the poor in idleness, drunkenness, and wrangling, each blaming the other as the cause of their poverty and wretchedness. With the rich, it was one continued scene of levity and thoughtlessness, and as the men would not conform to all the fantastic whims of their mates, the *Genius* informed me they were very seldom seen together. The females were better pleased with the society of other men, and the men took so trifling an interest in what concerned their wives, that they sought other mistresses. By this means, it happened that whenever the couple chanced to meet, they vented their disgust towards each other in the most bitter invectives. I noticed several narrow defiles leading out from this road, which my conductor informed me, were the paths he had mentioned as conducting up the rocks to the *Road of Virtue*, but the ascent was so extremely steep and fatiguing, that very few who once entered the great road had the courage to attempt leaving it. Through these scenes of extravagance and debauchery, we at length reached the building, and immediately entered it, to take a cursory view of its inhabitants, before we returned to notice the conduct of those in the other *Road of Courtship*. We first entered a spacious hall, reserved

for the use of the mistress of the mansion.—She was seated on a kind of throne, at the further end of the apartment, surrounded with eve y luxury which delicacy and sensuality could desire, or genius could devise.

She had just thrown down the dice-box, with which she had been trying to amuse herself. Her attendants were numerous. The genius informed me of their names, but I fear my memory has not retained them all.—*Subtleness*, *Intrigue*, *Jealousy*, *Fashion*, and *Extravagance*, stood foremost, they again were followed by *Dissimulation*, *Scandal*, *Revenge*, *Envy*, and *Want*. I quickly passed through this saloon, and entered a part of the building, inhabited by the richer classes. In one room was a splendid entertainment, where appeared a happiness on every countenance, which I did not expect to meet with in that dwelling, but the *Genius* told me that though an outward appearance of gaiety was for a moment assumed, the same corroding trouble and discord reigned in their bosoms. In another apartment, I noticed a couple just returned from a midnight revel—they were venting on each other that discontent which their breasts had nurtured while in company. At a morning's repast in a third apartment, a husband was striving to convince his wife of the in propriety of her behaviour the preceeding evening, his arguments were repelled by haughtiness and passion, and the scene finished, by having the table and its contents overturned on the injured husband. We now passed to a wing of the building, where dwelt the poor and doubly wretched of this class of the votaries of matrimony.

The misery here depicted on every countenance, was truly distressing. Some were striving to drown their cares in the fumes of strong liquors—others who had altogether given themselves up to despair, sought ease from their pains by horrible suicide. Parents here cursed their offspring, as the means of increasing their expenses—and children who had arrived at years of maturity, returned their execrations upon those, who by their own guilt or indiscretion, had brought them to so miserable a state of existence.

My eyes turned from such horrid sights with disgust, and I was inwardly asking myself the cause why the all-wise creator had suffered such misery to be introduced into the world, when the *Genius* interrupted my meditations, and answered my thoughts in the following words: "Suffer not thy finite faculties to judge of those matters far beyond their comprehension, but rest assured, with the knowledge that ye have no real misfortune or wretchedness in this life, which is not brought upon yourselves, either by your own criminality or thoughtlesness, and

that the almighty never created any animal, or insect, however small, in vain; but formed them each separately, as links in the great chain which bind them to each other, and to their maker." Can it be possible, then, exclaimed I, that man, by his own endeavours alone, can acquire that happiness which I always thought was far beyond his reach?—"It is possible," replied he, "that man may so conform himself to the rules written down for his guidance, as to obtain that grace from above, which can alone ensure happiness and serenity to his soul."

I now felt myself again lifted in the air, and perceived that we were borne by the car already mentioned, with the greatest velocity. My conductor said, that after being disgusted with the scenes I had just witnessed, he was assured that a transient view of the other road and its passengers, would convince me of the true felicity which is ever the attendant of the wedded state, when entered into with due deliberation and forethought, particularly, as he was convinced, that what I had already seen, had not given me a more unfavourable opinion of wedlock in *general*, than I formerly entertained.

We were now set down at the same Fork where we commenced our first walk, and immediately entered the road on the right hand. This road was much narrower than the other, and the *Genius* told me was more winding, and of course, much more lengthy—notwithstanding which, the passengers moved but slowly on, with deliberate steps, taking great pains to remove the obstructions which lay scattered in their way.

Several high bars across the road which might have disheartened others, were by them deliberately climbed over with extraordinary patience, and in some instances where the parents of one or both parties opposed their progress, they did not by outrunning them, (as they might have done) push forward to the temple, but by gentle entreaties, and long perseverance, first gained their sanction, and then proceeded in the same cautious manner. In the hours allotted for rest on their journey, they entertained each other with their mutual attentions, and by pointing out the joys that awaited them after their passage through the temple. We now entered that building by the right hand gate, and were ushered in by a figure whose eyes bespoke a heavenly fire, and whose whole demeanor was peculiarly chaste and elegant. Her name was *Love*. We passed through the temple and made our exit through the door which I have already described, as opened by Virtue.

We now entered a delightful walk, where we were regaled by the warbling of the birds and the cooing of the dove. All seemed serene and tranquil.

Our ears were no longer assailed by the noisy revelry which filled the avenue on the left hand. Our pleasures were truly domestic, and truly refined.

The happy wife here told over the tale of her youthful gambols, while the enraptured husband gazed in her eyes with mingled sensibility and affection—Or where some trifling care or disappointment corroded the breast of the one, the other strove by every tender and sympathising consolation, to render its effects less painful. I traversed these enchanting bowers with a delight I had never before experienced, and we soon reached the hall of the residence of *Conjugal affection*. The mistress of the mansion was seated in the midst of her children, attending to the duties of her household, while her younger offspring loaded her with the fondest caresses, and those more advanced in years, revered the hand that had conducted them to so peaceful an asylum. Her attendants were *Serenity*, *Prudence*, and *Economy*, who brought in their train, *Happiness*, *Peace*, and *Plenty*.

Through all the apartments of the house, I observed the same appearance of domestic felicity and affection. The more wealthy classes considering themselves placed as examples to their brethren, passed their time in the most useful manner, and employed their riches in acts of benevolence and charity, shewing that they wished to possess such worldly advantages, only as a means of forwarding the happiness of their fellow creatures. The poor, by a steady attention to their occupations, acquired the good will of their superiors, and when their day's work was over, enjoyed the blessings of a peaceful fireside, where an affectionate wife waited to welcome them to their frugal but delightful repast.

The degree of pleasure which I experienced on witnessing these enchanting scenes was so great, that in a moment of exstacy, I awoke, and found myself reclined on my solitary sofa, without a companion to whom I could communicate my raptures.

From the Emerald.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give."

THE custom of reviewing the theatrical performances which are offered for public support, is authorised by general custom, dictated by reason and reflexion, and sanctioned by the repeated benefits with which it is proved by experience to have been attended. Among all the amusements which have been invented for general recreation, there perhaps cannot be found a more beneficial institution than dramatic exhibition; and

whether it be considered in its intrinsic moral effect, or its practical usefulness, it is certainly deserving of generous encouragement, and universal regard. When we speak of the moral effect of the stage, we do not mean to make an unqualified assertion of the existence of such a sentiment as can produce any very great good on the mind or disposition of an audience; we confess ourselves rather sceptical in this respect. Curiosity is satisfied, and admiration excited by scenic representations; but the moral effect produced, makes but a small item in the sum of a man's character. Those writers who effect a parade of morality in their estimate of the tendency of the stage, have considered the audience as viewing a represented story as if it were a real event: as if it were to be indelibly fixed in the mind, rather than, like the summer cloud to be dissipated by the lightest breath of reality; forgotten as soon as finished. There are certain moral effects however in the exhibitions of the stage by no means imaginary, and for which, they are entitled to regard.

The ignorant and vulgar, are often instructed in historical events, that books would not easily have afforded; and manners and opinions are afforded for their imitation to which they could not otherwise have access, and with which casual observation could hardly have supplied them. Tragedy is a history told with embellishments, and a shape and reality is presented before the mind for the approbation of opinion, or the feelings of sentiment, which ignorance could not have derived from reading, and would not, if it could.

The man of refinement is benefited in the same way; the observation which might be disregarded in the closet, when forcibly uttered on the stage, may not only delight him at the moment, but lead him into new channels of observation. The repeated applauses given by the better instructed branches of an auditory, to virtuous and heroic sentiments, have a strong tendency to induce in the illiterate, an appreciation of the beauty of such expressions; it is a sort of mediate instruction.

The *practical usefulness* of stage exhibition is in no respect more remarkable, than in its encouragement of genius. In countries that have not attained the meridian of riches, but which are beyond the dawn of their prosperity, writers for the stage succeed better than any other class of literary adventurers. And though Shakespeare, Fletcher, Massinger, and Otway, in the infancy of literary encouragement, did not create for themselves a golden reward for their conspicuous talents, Congreve, Addison, and Vanbrugh, in times of greater vigour of wealth, attained to some degree of eminence in property, as well as fame. So far then as theatrical representations

encourage genius, they are highly to be cultivated.

It has been asserted with rash confidence, that, the Stage by relaxing industry, transforms the mechanic and labourer into the lounger, and extravagant idler. An assertion like this in a question of fact, should have such arguments to support it, as its favourers have never yet found. It is indeed nothing less than the vindictive spleen of ecclesiastical intolerance, diffused with mischievous pleasure through the medium of superstitious docility in the uneducated christian. That pretended conscientiousness, by depriving a public of the only amusement which is rational, intellectual, and attractive, would plunge it with malignant delight into the pool of barbarism, vassalage, and superstition; would shroud it in one black night of intolerent opinion on one side, and acquiescent folly on the other. We hope, however, that though the theatres of Athens, and Rome, were the objects of implacable enmity in the view of the ecclesiastical courts, and with their final overthrow, the barbarism of Europe began, that this age will not admit the influence of similar opinions, and that the opulent, the commercial, the learned, and the wise, will oppose the ramparts of their dignity to the incursions of such rebarbarising doctrines.

The truth is, that after the labour of the day is past, amusement of some nature or other will necessarily begin. Enumerate then the amusements of common life; compare their influence on the habits and manners of those who resort to them, and then ask if the stage be deleterious to religion. Will gambling afford stronger delight, or effect a more benign influence; will bacchanalian tavern brawls, bestow greater pleasure in the enjoyment, or induce finer feelings in the reflexion? Will the dallient pleasures of the ball-room compare with the rational sensations of scenic exhibition. Let the disappointed card-player, the red-nosed son of Bacchus, and the frippery beau, afford an answer to these questions. Go then to the theatre, which unfolds the finest sensations of the heart, and there learn that charity and fellow-feeling which sophistical religionists withhold.

The best interests of the stage, however, can only be advanced by a judicious selection of the compositions to be exhibited, and by a careful attention in the performers to the general effect of their exertions. When the trash of modern compilation is substituted for solid intellect of ancient composition; we are presented not only with the custards and other trifles contained in previous productions, "but the very egg-shells from which our fare has been extracted." Modern writers not only steal the most indifferent sentiments, but often the very vices of character from the

ancient dramas. It is seriously to be wished that the more excellent species of dramatic composition, may be afforded us, and we believe the Boston managers are willing to please the town with such productions, instead of the melo-dramas, the monstrous progeny of an union of pantomine and tragedy.

The actors too, should recollect that they are in some measure brought forward as public instructors; and they certainly have some influence in the formation of the common taste. Their utterance should therefore be chaste, free from profanity, solecisms, vulgarity, or provincialisms; their costume strictly correct, and their characters thoroughly maintained.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

By M. Sherlock.

The Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow, near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and on the 19th of June, at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight, for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a country house, four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her, that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out, accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenburg appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Horstadt:—it was in the morning, "and never," said her brother to me, "did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister. The exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart." But, O how deceitful are human prospects! How near is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity. The carriage stopped to let some soldiers pass, who, ad-

vancing with slow steps, bore in their arms, a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight: she little expected that it was her lover. Some Austrian strangers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troop, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe the situation of this unfortunate young woman, would be to insult at once your heart, and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed: his mother is at his feet, and his mistress holds his hand. "O Charlotte," cried he, opening a dying eye—he wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his mistress; she lost her reason, and—"No, I will not survive you," cried she, quite frantic, and seized a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand, that they should bring her to his bedside. She came; he grasped her arm; and after two painful efforts to speak, he says, with a sob—"Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother,"—and expired—When I passed through Berlin, in July, 1779, the unfortunate lady had not recovered her senses.

"*Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro.*"

This touching question of Job, came with all its force into my mind, as I was yesterday sauntering on the battery, and what can be more pathetic? A very old man was leaning upon his staff, as if weary. I asked him why, instead of standing in the sun, he did not sit beneath one of the elms. He raised his countenance to answer me: it was pensive, but not gloomy; a faint, melancholy smile gleamed from his eye, and gave his features the expression of tranquil resignation. He told me that the shade recalled his sorrows; I am, said he, alone—but why do I complain? I deserved nothing; I have lost all.—Feeling an interest in the man, I asked him what calamities had stripped him to poverty.—He began to collect his thoughts, and without a single word of complaint, related the events of his life. He had lived seventy years, and not a day ever passed, without bringing some new misfortune. His voice, while he was speaking, was, for the most part, calm and even; but when he told me of the death of his wife, and only daughter, his utterance was choaked. His limbs are now palsied, his eyes are dim, his ears are thick. But though his senses are leaving him, he is not querulous; his God, he knows, is love. Surely there is another state. Who does not acknowledge, that unrepining patience deserves a reward higher than earth can give? There is indeed a world, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and where tears shall be turned into joy.

CAUSE OF THE PATHETIC.

It was wont to be jocularly said of a Mr. Lockhart, a celebrated pleader at the British bar, during the last century, that the amount of his honorarium, or fee, could be easily discovered in his countenance: for, if handsome, he appeared deeply affected at the justice of his client's case; but if unexpectedly great, he regularly melted into tears.

CYGARRS.

In face of a host of arguments, our literary loungers contumaciously insist on being indulged the gratification of tickling their noses, and burniug their tongues. If you alledge that the practice is vulgar and democratick, you are answered, Sir W. Raleigh is equally famous as a man of fashion, and a philosopher, as for his habit of smoking. Should you object to them the ladies dislike to the practice, they tell you, that queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, was fond of a pipe, and used humourously to say, that *all the pleasures of the evening ended in smoke*. If lastly you oppose to it kingly authority, urging that James I. wrote a treatise *against the smoking of base tobacco*, the smokers will reply, we burn none but what is *good*.

Public contempt, what is it? It is a dream, it is nothing. Who then, will fly from it, as from the lowest misery? At worst, it is easily borne, and even under its coldest frowns, the warm smiles of hope, and cheerful, brightening, anticipation, are playing on our cheeks.

Popular applause, what is it? It is the shadow of a dream, it is less than nothing. Who, then, would pant for it, as for the highest happiness? At best, it is quickly gone, and even under its warmest caresses, the cold tears of fear, and dismal, darkening, apprehension, are stealing from our eyes.

DEFINITION OF MAN.

The best, which has ever been given, is anonymous. "Man is a cooking animal." Disquisitions upon man, are among the most abtruse that perplex metaphysicians. Much of the difficulty has arisen from establishing a wrong definition. Men are naturally mad, different individuals approximate in different degrees towards reason. Many are completely mad, none are perfectly rational. Whatever distance some few, more fortunate than the rest, may have passed in the attainment of rationality; still every day of their life will discover some symptoms of their original state. Every man occasionally finds deviations from the path of reason, in every one of his acquaintance, which cannot be accounted for on any other position, than the one I have assumed, that men are naturally mad.

Solution of the Rebus by Julia Francesca, which appeared in our last number.

Take three fourths of the HARE, or the HART,
(Can you find what's more rapid of foot?)
And a VEST, of man's 'parel the part,
That's a garment, tho' not quite a coat.

What all husbandmen anxious await,
Yellow HARVEST, from these will appear;
And what words can more pleasure create,
Than a plentiful harvest each year?

NOVICE.

WORTH.

"Worth makes the man," Pope says, and every body acknowledges the truth of the sentiment; but then the question is, what makes *worth?*—The moralist will tell you, "it is *virtue;*—but the man of the world says, "it is *money.*' And indeed, in this *age of Reason*, the latter definition seems almost universally to prevail. When it is asked, how much a man is *worth*, the answer generally has an exclusive reference to his property. If he has wealth, the replier to the question says, he is worth so many pounds; but if he be very poor, though he should possess the intelligence of a Newton, and the benevolence of a Howard, "*He is not worth a groat.*" Thus the worth of a man, like that of beef and butter, is reckoned by pounds, shillings, and pence.

Modern music resembles Gothic architecture, whose parts, instead of captivating, puzzle and confound; while the harmonious strains of antiquity, like the Grecian temples, charm by an union of grandeur and simplicity.

From the Hudson Bee.

Mr. Printer,

Passing through Warren-street the other day, I observed the arm of a person, apparently a female, and perfectly naked, hanging out of a door a little before me. Wondering what the cause might be, that should induce a person to be exposed to the street, without clothes, I cast my eyes towards the figure as I came nearer, and was much surprised to find the lady (for so she happened to be) in other respects dressed very elegantly. She wore a collar, like the modern beaux close up under her ears. Her gown had no sleeves to it; but it was not from poverty, as she had jewels in her ears, and rings on her fingers, worth enough to buy two gowns, sleeves and all I suppose. I at first thought she was one of those women that get their living in a shameless way, and throw out their naked arms as a sign that nakedness was their trade; but on enquiry, learned that the house belonged to an honest gentleman. I then expected that the young lady had been guilty of some misconduct, and that her father had cut the sleeves off her clothes, as a punishment and mark of shame, but here I found

my mistake, being told that he was a moderate man, and a tender parent. Indeed it seemed, after all my suggestions and enquiries, that this strange spectacle was the effect of the young lady's own fancy, and was suffered by her parents from too much fondness and indulgence. But this discovery only increased my curiosity to discover the true cause, and as I pursued my enquiries, I found myself involved in many difficulties. I found she was not a person whose employment in life made long sleeves an incumbrance to her, as in washing, &c. She was not in want of money to buy more cloth for her garments. She did not mean to be considered a person of loose habits, and common use. Nor had she such arms as they shew in New-York, at the Museum, on a Venus; for if so, her generosity, and the public spirit might have induced her to exhibit them for the gratification of public curiosity. But her flesh was red and white, like goose-flesh, as the day was cold for the season, and I saw several ladies clothed in furs, and woollen coats. And I really am afraid the poor girl caught cold, and possibly laid a foundation for a consumption, a disorder so fatal, and fashionable, with young ladies. After all, I suppose I must put up with the old plea of following the fashion, although most fashions have some kind of pretences on the score of convenience, or beauty, or economy. And perhaps, too, in the course of time, I may hear of some advantages in this fashion, if it ever prevails in the country. Though on account of saving cloth, this fashion has no advantage; for there is more wasted in the long trails to the gowns, than is saved by having no sleeves. But I hope the fashion will never get established, on account of my two daughters, whose arms are so disfigured by a burn, a scald two or three sores, and being bled several times, that to expose them to the naked sight, would excite laughter or scorn: and I suppose they would dress, or rather *undress* like other folks. Beside, if the fashion of *stripping* should prevail, no one knows to what degree it may be carried. The Lord's prayer says, "*Lead us not into temptation,*" and the ladies ought to mind the precept. For my part, I would not be responsible for my daughters, or my sons, in case this nakedness should become too common. And I would forewarn my neighbours, that if any thing happens to their girls from my boys, they must take the blame upon their own heads. If rudeness is *invited*, it ought not to be *resented*. So let the tempter look out. Hoping these things will be better regulated by the public morality or taste, I hope I shall no more have occasion to take notice of such a strange and dangerous custom—and remain your well wisher

JOSEPH MEANWELL.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, the 6th inst. by the rev. Mr. Low, Mr. Benjamin E. Coe, to Miss Catharine Nostrand.

On the 19th ult. George Washington Clinton, Esq. son of the Vice President of the United States, to Miss Ann Floyd, daughter of General Floyd, of the county of Oneida.

By the rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Asher Marx, to Miss Catharine Stout, daughter of Mr. Jacob Stout.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. John H. Oldershaw, to Miss Mary Corbe-

POVERTY.

Why does stern fate, on some devoted head
Pour all her vengeance—rend his soul with woe?
His paths through life's dark vale why love to spread
With peircing thorns, enforcing tears to flow?

There, deck'd with roseate bloom, the face appears,
Glittering with gay attire, reclin'd at ease;
And here as primrose pale, bedew'd with tears,
Stands tatter'd Poverty with trembling knees!

Unsheltered from the evening blast, forlorn,
No hospitable door admits her feet;
Beneath a shadowy tree she lies till morn
Then cold and cheerless, leaves her lone retreat.

Or in the shatter'd barn abides the night
Tho' oft disturbed with screech owls hedious noise,
Or fancied spectres fill her with affright,
And sleep, sweet antidote of care, destroys,

Strange mystery! could I undraw the ve
Which shades the causes of this chequer'd scene;
Unfold to man the deep envelop d tale,
Whether his lot be joy or anguish keen;

Then should you know ye victims of distress,
Why grandeur rolls in vehicle of state;
And why with adamantine heart he dares oppress
The helpless children of relentless fate;

Harrass'd with cares, and struggling hard for food,
Why heaven-born genius lives in garret poor;
While stupid ignorance's grov'ling brood,
Soft ease and golden sinecures procure;

Why guilt resides beneath the gilded dome,
Possessing all fair fortune's lavish'd stores;
Whilst virtue for support's impell'd to roam,
And oft at wealth's proud mansion aid implores.

Such are, perhaps, the ills we oft sustain,
Inciting oft our impious complaints;
But who when crush'd by penury and pain,
Whose spirit under heavy sufferings faints,

Can e'er his murmuring thots' subdue with ease,
Repress the vult'rine sighs which tear his breast,
Controul the tyrant passions as he please
And sooth the sorrows that disturb his rest.

Thou GOD of mercy! hear the earnest prayer,
Thy creature suppliant offers at thy throne;
Give heavenly patience to each child of care,
Hush every grief and mitigate each groan.